shortly after 12 o'clock one night last week when the attention of the desk sergeant of No. 3 police precinct was attracted by the sounds of a rather heated argument on the outside of the sta-

The next moment the door leading to the front office was hurriedly pushed open and there entered a motley crowd of colored men, all togged out in loud and sporty clothes of the kind one generally observes on actors who take part in grotesque cake-

One tall and very black fellow, who appeared to be the spokesman of the party. was dressed in the noisiest and most insulting red tie ever seen in No. 3 station, while violent checkerboard suit he would have had all the denizens of the classic precincts of Bloodneld wild with the lealous kind had the wearer of same the temerity to have appeared in that saintrious vicinity. A last year's soiled Panama hat was slung rakishly over one huge black ear, while in his hand he carried a big bone-handled cane. His getup caused him to resemble nothing so much as a comic valentine, yet from the impor-tance of his manner he no doubt imagined that he had a Broadway fashion plate beaten to a frizziv frazzle when it came

beaten to a frizzly frazzle when it came to high art in toggery.

Marching jauntily up to the railing, he saluted the lieutenant, who had just at that moment come into the office, with a profound bow, accompanied by a grandiloquent wave of the hand, and then he proceeded to unload the following from off his heaving chest. 'Majah." he said, addressing the genial-

looking lieutenant, "me'n dese gennermen fr'ens ob mine done hab ar li'l arg'ment ut dis hyar spit-ball pitcher, Mr. Ed Well, what was the argument about'

inquired the desk sergeant.
"Ise jes 'gwine tole yo all, cap'n," replied the gayly bedecked colored brother, as plied the gayly bedecked colored brother, as he waved his hand impressively in the direction of the sergeant. "Yo' see, sahs," he continued, "me'n dese gennermen was all up at ar li'l social meetin', an' we sho' was all habin' ar vaiy nice time when dat ar li'l nigger ober dar in de kurner, who am allus startin' some'in, done declar' as how Bisickle Or'ficer Tom Walsh of dis hyar precinct and Mr. Ed Walsh ob de Chicago team am twin brudders.

"I done say as how hit am nuh such t'ing, an' some ob de odders done say hit am, an' some say hit tain't, an' so we sho was gittin' het up ober de arg'ment when de 'getshun was made dat we all come down hyar an' kindly ask yo' all to let us look in de 'cyloumpedia or de history ob de United States jes' to see who am right

nited States jes' to see who am right out de mattah an' who am wrong

as the desk sergeant had kindly explained to the colored delegation that the information it was in search of could not be found in any of the works mentioned, a little, coal-black fellow wearing a snow-white derby hat volunteered the information that Bicycle Officer Walsh had locked up the gentleman so many times who had started the argument that that individstatement bade fair to start another argu-ment in which horrible personalities were beginning to be indulged in, and which treated of the numbers of times each mem-ber of the inquiring committee had been placed behind the bars, when the desk sergeant to'd the warring members to skidoo or he would do business, and as they all went out of the door, jawing with one an-other, the sergeant said to The Star reporter, who was an amused spectator of the

"I'll bet a good cigar that some of that push will be back here before the night is over, and that they will occupy real cells,

Not more than three minutes at the most had elapsed when the station house door was pushed open and who should enter but Bleycle Officer Walsh, who, sad to relate, Bleycle Officer Walsh, who, sad to relate, had the little black darky who had started the argument with one hand while with the other he firmly held by the collar of his coat the loudly dressed spokesman of the late investigating committee, who, it appears, had been so unfortunate as to en-gage in the gentle art of punching one another's heads just as the stalwart bleycle polleeman happened to pass by.

It was a coincidence all right, but a rather costly one for the colored principals who were mixed up in it.

* * * * * An old colored auntie boarded a Pennsyl-

vania avenue car the other evening, and, much to her evident delight, she found seated therein an acquaintance, who was surrounded by a couple of baskets of clean clothes, which she was carting home to her When the two black women had espied

one another they were not a bit backward in giving tongue to their feelings, and the latest arrival shouted out to the one who was in the possession of the clothes "Well, I done declar effen dis ain't Sister Rosie Hicks! How yo' coming 'long, Sister

'Des po'ly, t'ank de Lawd," replied the

lady addressed. "I se still pestered wid dis mis'r in mah side," she added. "But how yo he'ith, Sister Dorsey?" she asked. "My hel'th am mis'ble, t'ank de good piously exclaimed the auntie. "But how's yo husband gittin" long Sister Hicks?" she inquired. Well, de doctah done say as how Al'fed am well 'nuff now to go to work," replied Sister Hicks, "but Al'fed say he am jes' well 'nuff to enly loafin' 'round."

Scated on one of the benches in Lafayette Park the other morning was an individual who was plainly a member of that traveling class of gentlemen commonly spoken of

* * * * *

Apparently he had but lately arrived in the city, and no doubt the sleeping ac-commodations on the train he had come in on were not of the best, or else the seedy-looking object on the bench was one of those lucky individuals for whom insomnia ors, for it was plainly to be seen that the reckless-appearing tourist was in

But his dream of peace was soon to be riolently disturbed, for even as the reporter watched the park policeman, whose eagle eye had caught sight of the figure on the bench, came silently upon the scene and without any preliminary motions he suddenly grabbed the occupant of the bench In his muscular hands, and in another mo-ment he had violently jerked him to his feet, where the fellow stood drowsily rub-

games.

Guardian:

bunch of misfit near-players that wear the

Manchester monaker on their blouse fronts looked like a herd of bums that had been left out in the back yard to be rained and

sleeted on ever since last Twelfth Night come Mart'nmas. From the rap of the

play-ball gong the Louts made our assort-ment of stiffs look like a layout of shoe

lerks from never-never-was land. The

mutts ran the bases like an outfit of cook

to make the loyal fans of this town, who

year out without ever getting anything, foam at the mouth. They were the dopiest

against the old bamboo for the long draw.

chandise they've got in the barrel, the best thing our aggregation of phonies and four-

flushes can do is to send in their applica-tions for work'us billets or take the king's

shilling for service in the Punjaub, curry-

combing kinks out of elephants' caudal ap-

pendages, for Manchester is a-weary of 'em, and the fans here, in addition to such

bijouterie as invalid eggs and passe pota-toes, would fain stake the Mutts to the

cutest and heftiest silver loving ax that

Such jocular little allusions to the game

would be bound to obtain a half-Nelson

clutch on the imagination of the increasing hordes of English base ball fans, and in the

course of time the dignified Liverpool Globe would, perhaps, have little items like

the following scattered about on its sport-

WELL, LEMONS START SOMETHING!

the Liverpool Lemons and the Leeds Luna

tics, the first game beginning at 2 o'clock

Wild Bill Donovan, the flinger recently bought by the Lemons from the Detroit Tigers, will be on the slab for the Lemons

in the first game, and the Liverpool fans will be keen to take a peek at Bill, who is

said to have everything—a swift shoot, a yam-dindy fade-away ball, and a slimerino

it. Smiling Al Orth, another Yankee, will do the heaving for the Lunatics in the first

game, and the grinner has been all to the

bonbons lately, so that there ought to be

selves and inaugurate some doings.

length ceased to extract amusement from

against the hasheesh or the bhang or the

was. Awkins was a rave at every angle

of it. And when they got through with him Awkins looked like a Syrian rug ped-

dler that had butted into an Irish wake. From where we sat, it looked it was coming to him. Far be it from us to encour-

age riotousness on the ball field-but

Awkins' decisions on balls and strikes listened like something that had suddenly

come to squirming life out on the dump, and that's the best we can hand him for

his work. His decisions on the bases, too, made a noise like an inshore breeze from

the glue works. There was nothing to it at all. Awkins simply picked the game

up, tossed it on a Satsuma tray and slipped it to the Bournemouth Bums. The fans

that support the game around here are a sportsmanlike bunch, but they can't stand

for this saffron stuff always. When they told Awkins, after he'd made a particu-

larly punkerino decision, that, in their opinion, he didn't belong and was never

mumble some reply to the fans' thorough-

ly deserved taunt. Thereupon it hap-pened. And it happened quick. When it was over Awkins looked like a deep-sea

drumfish that had been hit on the wish-

bone nineteen times by one of the new

transatlantic turbines, and when we last

heard of him he was headed for the west

of England, wearing the G-string that

was left to him by way of apparel, and putting down miles in forty flat. It's sad, and all like that, and we hate to have to

own up to it that we're some impetuous around here. But, if Awkins is leaving

When the United States game gets un-

ing up, of course, and then "Base Ball Briefs" something like the following prob-

"Dunmy McGlue, the southpaw who played with the Chicago Sox in their last

series here, didn't take the steamer with that layout when the Sox departed yes-

terday. McGlue developed a bad case of charleyhorse during the series at Bir-mingham, and, on top of this, he collided with one of the Birmingham Blisters

with one of the Birmingham Bisters while trudging into the second sack and sprained his knee. So he's laid up with the horse and the flat wheel, too, and the Dummy decided to stick around on this side till the Sox wing back this way

for the midsummer series. We guess the Dummy won't be repining any, for he's

there with the can't-lose dope on the pony thing, and he'll be handing the bookies at

the Downs many a wallop before the Sox weave back this way from the stockyards

A Marquis' Hat.

The man with the biggest, curliest and

glossiest silk hat in London is the Marquis de Leuville. To see one of his lordship's

English newspapers:

From the London Outfitter.

will make their appearance in the

meant, Awkins was indiscreet enough to

"Double-header this afternoon between

can be purchased for money."

ing page:

game.

used-to-bes that ever leaned up

In a few moments, though, he had suf-In a few moments, though, he had sufficiently awakened to take in the situation, and when the watchman said to him, "Don't you know that it is against the law to sleep in this park," the hobo turned to the guardian of the place, and, drawing himself up in a dignified manner, he said to the ne beauty. the policeman:

"Fellow, do you know what park this "Certainly," cried the watchman; "It's Lafayette Park."
"And I." haughtily replied the knight of the road, as he smote himself a blow in the breast, "am Mr. Lafayette."

* * * *

stoves trying to plough through the jungle in Zambesiland. They batted like a passel The Disagreeable Man from Mount Pleas ant, who is a continual source of annoyance of ancient ones from the home for indigent to his fellow-passengers, boarded the 14th charwomen playing for a gingham sun-bonnet, and their E-flat fielding looked like a dress rehearsal for a knockabout act. street car the other morning at Fairmont street, and immediately began to sniff the There wasn't one member of the mutts that looked as if he could play bean-bag for the air, which is his preliminary signal when he is in search of trouble.

tin-tags, and the way the Louts fed them to the hogs from start to finish was enough It was one of those unusually warm mornings, at least for this time of the year, and the Disagreeable Man is a fresh- dig up their hard-wrung kale year in and air crank, even in the good old winter time. As he sniffed away his trouble-hunting eye caught sight of the closed window opposite and near which sat a quiet little man of most peaceful outward appearance. This is the exact type of person that the Disagreeable Man dearly loves to bully; so clearing his throat as if to attract his attention, he spoke thusly:
"My friend, to keep that window down is very unhealthy; its entirely too hot in

"Serry," pleasantly answered the other "but I guess you will have to put up Disagreeable Man-"I ask you to open it, Peaceful Man-"Would like to accommo-

date you, but I can't."
Disagreeable Man-"Do you refuse to open that window?" Peaceful Man—"I certainly do." Disagreeable Man—"If you don't open it

will "Peaceful Man—"I bet you \$5 you don't." Disagreeable Man—"If I go over there, I Peaceful Man-"I'll go you odds you

Disagreeable Man-"I ask you once more, slr; will you open that window?" Peaceful Man—"No, sir; I will not." Disagreeable Man—"Then I will."
Peaceful Man—"I would like to see you

do it. Disagreeable Man (as he grabs hold of the offending window)—"I will show you mighty quick how I will open it." Peaceful Man (as the Disagreeable Man tugs and strains in his endeavor to open the window)—"Why don't you open it?" Disagreeable Man (getting red in the face, as he hears everybody laughing)—"It spitsky that looks like a mustard seed by the time the batsmen get their wicks on it. Smiling Al Orth another

appears to be stuck!"

Peaceful Man—"Of course it is. I tried to open it before you came in."

And then, while the Disagreeable Man was feeling foolish and was doing the beet act, the other passengers just "laffed" right out loud, and kept it up so boister-ously that he of the large-sized grouch, swung off the car long before it had reached his usual disembarking place.

* * * * * Judge Harlan, who lives up on the hill, was a passenger on a 14th street car the other day and was seated next to a couple of clerks who were deeply interested in some discussion, which caused one of them to raise his voice to quite a high pitch. This appeared to make the other man rather cautious, as he glanced warily around to see if any one was listening to the talk of his friend. At this moment he discovered the presence of the dignified justice, and turning hastily to his loudtalking comrade, he said "For heaven's sake, lower your voice; you may have heard that justice is blind, but that doesn't necessarily mean that it's deaf also." Whether Judge Harlan heard the remark it is impossible to state, yet, all the same, a calm smile flitted over his face at the conclusion of the young fellow's admonition to his friend.

A Stone Country.

From the London Spectator. If you were to ask a child in our neighborhood to imagine a country with stone you would be expecting too much of him. Born of a race of masons and quarrymen, brought up in a stone house, trotting along the lanes to school between "dry" (that is, innocent of mortar) stone walls. and with a disused quarry for a playground, such a child would find it next to impossible to picture the flat and monotonous fer-

A stone country such as this has a gracious loveliness quite unlike the austere beauty of a granite-ribbed mountain side. Ours is a softish stone after all, an imperfectly petrified clay called by some "bastard freestone," and our climate is mild enough to favor the natural growth of acacias and sycamores, walnuts, and many another pleasant tree, besides the hardier beach and fir. The dripping mists of our deep valleys help to c'othe roofs and walls with orange, white and gray lichens, and mosses of the pin-cushiony type, golden, green and brown. Stone crop in the season paints each wall-top yellow; the small lilac toad flax hangs wherever it can find root hold; wine-red by, five-pointed and veined with vivid green, pushes between the stones and clasps them in the close grip of knotty dust-brown fingers; and tiny blue harebells and gay rock roses deck the coarse tufts of wayside grass below.

Vanity and the Drug Habit.

From the London Queen. When a woman is seized by a desire to better her complexion or her figure by imbibing medicines, the quantity of stuff she will swallow in a given time is almost inwill swallow in a given time is almost inland is a good place for him to stick around in. A word to the wise, and all like that." credible. Vanity is the strongest weakness of the gentler sex, but the physiological ef-fects of a course of drugs, self-prescribed international interoceanic leagues spring-Even as he lay back there snoring and self-administered, are calculated in the with his ragged make-up and scraggly whiskers one could see that he was a saucy her methods of self-improvement.



BASE BALL, then, is to flourish in England. Already the seed has been sown. T breakfast, one stuffy morning about two weeks ago. Mrs. Jobson said: In fact, several tiny shoots have "Well, it's about time to get the sprouted. Recently the Wool'ich Harsenals house ready for the cold weather, so toand the Totten'am 'Otspurs played another day I'm going to look around for a man four full innings of the American national to put down the carpets, and tomorrow I'll derskirt, split in many places, and a flangame. What difference does it make-what put up the lace curtains and take the poots it, as a matter of fact, and there must covers from the furniture, and-" That's as far as she got with the prohave been a lot of "booting" of the ball, gram. Mr. Jobson was glaring at her over too-that the score at the end of the four innings was 149 to 126, or something simthe top of the newspaper, which he had

ilar, in favor of the 'Otspurs, and that the propped up against the sugar bowl. game had then to be called on account of "Get ready for the cold weather, hey?" darkness?--and in the summer time in Enghe said. "Wait a minute," and he jumped land it's almost morning before it gets up from the table, trotted out to the basement door, took down the thermometer that dark, too. It doesn't boot a bit. The point is that they've made a start over there towas hanging there, and brought it in to earth can that be at this hour in the mornward learning how to play a really-and-truly, honest-injun, sure-enough game. show to Mrs. Jobson.

"Just take a peek at that, if you please," The "pressmen" of Great Britain will, of course, have to learn how to report the ball sames. We will be ready to believe that the United States grow her taken a he said to Mrs. Jobson. "You don't need your glasses to read that, do you? Eightythe United States game has taken a genfour-that's the temperature at the breakuine "holt" on the people of the tight little fast hour this morning. Now, just to give a isle when we read something like the fol-lowing, for example, in the Manchester sort of psychological tone and interest to that is. If it's a peddler or anybody like this thing, will you be good enough to tell that, shoo him away. If it's anybody callme what in the blooming blazes ever got you into the notion, on such a morning as "The flock of motley and mottled mutts that daub disgrace all over this burg with this, that the time had arrived to 'get the their elephantine efforts to play ball had a scance with the London Louts yesterday afternoon, and when it was all over the

house ready for the cold weather,' as you expressed it?" "Oh, well," said Mrs. Jobson, "the season, you know. Here it's past the middle of September, and, though it may be a bit un-seasonably warm, why, I like to have things fixed around the house in anticipa-tion of the seasons, and we certainly are

"Oh, we are, are we?" broke in Mr. Jobson. "By the way, when did you organize yourself into a little personally conducted weather bureau, hey? Where did you pick up this line of prognosticating dope? And, if you've got it all so dead pat, it's a wonder you wouldn't get a job at it that would der you wouldn't get a job at it that would fetch you in gum money, anyhow. You've got it rigged for a cinch, then, that we're due for a bunch of raw weather? Why don't you go a little stronger than that? Tell me, for example, just when we're due to get hit on the ankle bone by the tail of that 1606 comet that's projecting around somewhere only a few billion miles away. and now visible from the south coast of Turkestan as well as from points on the Red sea and from the uninhabited islands of the Straits of Sunda? When's the next big earthquake going to bob along? I never knew till just now that you were and the Louts had them buffaloed, lashed to the mast, burnt to the ground and anchored in the going from canape to crackers. If the gruesome and grisly performance of maybe ball put up by the Mutts yesterday is the best grade of merchanding they've got in the barrel the best grade. They was got in the barrel the best will be the control of the grade of merchanding they've got in the barrel the best grade. been sticking around too long in your near vicinage to take it all on credit."
"But," mildly argued Mrs. Jobson,

"But," mildly argued Mrs. Jobson, wouldn't it be a good thing, even if it is a bit warm and stuffy now, to have the house all ready when the chil'y weather does come along? You know how you like coziness, and often, when I've deferred making preparations for the coming of the fall "Walt a minue. Just refrain, for once,

will you, from trying to pass it all up to me?" interrupted Mr. Jobson. "That old game is all frazzied out. You do every-thing you want to do just exactly when and how you please, and then you try to stick the responsibility up to me. But that stuff isn't going to go around here any more. This infernal house is hot enough as it is, without your scrambling in in the middle of the summer-well, it's midsummer weather, anyway-and trying to make it look about seven million degrees hotter by planting all of the carpets, sticking up a layout of lace curtains that a breath of air couldn't percolate through if it had the force of a Chinese typhoon behind it, and taking the nice, cool covers off chairs and sofas and things that offer the only invitingly cool look to the arid eye in the midst of all of this gummy, abominable, sweltering heat? What's the idea, anyhow? You got something on hand a few weeks from now, when it'll be seasonable to do all of these switching-around jobs that'll keep you sewed up so that you won't be able to at-tend to it then? Is that the reason why you're trying to make this dump look like a near view of a blast furnace at a period of the year when folks are still dropping on the street from sunstroke? Hey?"

some real kinkeroff tossing in the first game. The heavers for the second game "Oh, nothing like that," amiably replied Mrs. Jobson; "only I remember how sud-denly chilled you become every year when of the two-header haven't been announced. We're here to state that it's about time denly chilled you become every year when the Washington summer comes to its quick it's a good thing my new tailor suit came termination with a succession of raw rains, last night. It may not be white broadfor the Lemons to take a smoke for themand how you always come in from the office They've been piddling around with the yen-hok and the slumpsky stuff long at such a time saying that you are frozen enough, and the Liverpool fans have at to the marrow, and that-"Uh-huh! But just you give my marrow

the sight of their citrons gallumphing around in the ballyard like a lot of fat be responsible for all the rest of it," cut in Mr. Jobson. "Just eliminate that gag of men taking the Kneipp cure. Go to it, Lemons, and see if you can't climb out of trying to live so fast by foring the sea-sons. I'm in no hurry to get through with the cellar. The way you're rigged now, you're jokes and screams." this living thing. I'm going to try to stick around as long as I can. I'm going to give Nor is it unimaginable that, in the course summer a chance to pick up its doll rags and beat it before I bulge out onto the of time, the British newspapers will be impelled to "view with alarm" and to "call shoo-fly line and try to send summer on its way by chucking rocks at it. There won't a halt" upon outbreaks of umpire-baiting in various parts of the kingdom. Maybe an account of the running of an umpire be a chilly day in this town till the first of the following will eventually find its November. I've been watching meteorological conditions around here for a long time, and I've got a pretty fair line of dope way into the columns of the Yorkshire on weather conditions in little old Washington. The first of November'il be plenty, "Arbitrator Awkins, who umpired the game yesterday afternoon between the Yorkshire Yaps and the Bournemouth time enough for you to begin to shriek at the breakfast table about the job you have Bums, must have had a whole lot of conkto plow around and get a dinge to put down the winter carpets and hinge up the twisting things happen to him before he shuffled into the spangles and sung out the 'play ball' call. Maybe he had a hard previous night. Maybe he'd eaten a passe canteloupe. Maybe he'd been laying up winter curtains and all like that. It's a wonder you don't ask me to make a wood already reduced to pulp from the humidity."
"Very well," said Mrs. Jobson, "I shall poppy or the mandragora or some other drowsy sirup of the east. Whatever it

wait, then, till you tell me to--"That's the answer," put in Mr. Jobson.
"Wait till I tell you, and you can't make
any mistakes about anything. When I want to see the winter aspect spread over this plant I'll be there with the tip to you, and you needn't bother your head about it till then. If you'd refrain from taking any steps of this sort till you'd ask me, you'd be a heap better off, and things around here would run a heap more smoothly than they

do, that's all I've got to say."

Just three days later, as will be recalled, the weather suddenly changed.

Mr. Jobson is naturally cold-blooded, and his lips were blue when he came home from the office. His hands were like lumps of

ice, and his teeth were chattering.
"Br-r-r-r-rr!" he grunted as soon as he'd got in and hung up his coat. 'Darnedest climate on the civilized globe, that's what this climate is! One day it's like the Island of Tahiti, and the next it's like Spitzbergen! Br-r-r-rr! Never was so danged cold in my life! Chilled right through to the marrow. Say, where's my winter underwear, anyhow, or have you sold it to the second-hand clothes man for a nickel or two? If I've got any, get it out right away, will you? I'm not going to be frozen stiff on the street if I can help it." Mrs. Jobson didn't say anything, though she cast some anxious looks at the front-room furniture still swaddled up in the linen coverings, and at the bare floors.
"Gee! But this is the bleak-looking bar-

racks!" went on Mr. Jobson, tramping around and flapping his arms like a milkman on a midwinter morning. "Looks like a shed built for sheltering a north-pole airship up at Tromsoe, or some such fool place. Look at those dad-binged bare floors! I can just see the arctic wind popping through the cracks and making it colder in here than an Eskimo hut at Upernavik. And look at those bare windows And, wow! those blasted white linen coverings on the chairs and things! Look like shrouds, blamed if they don't! It's a wonder you wouldn't anticipate things once in a while and get the house looking like something half-way cozy when a bunch of weather like this spiels along! S'pose you're too busy, hey, raiding the bargain counters, and all like that, to make your "Why, my dear," said Mrs. Jobson, dis-

mally, "it was only three days ago that I suggested to you that—" "Br-r-r-r-rr! the infernal outfit's like an icehouse!" broke in Mr. Jobson, obviously determined not to permit Mrs. Jobson to lunge in with any recollections of any sort whatever. "Say, is there any kindling wood downstairs? I'm going to build some kind of a smudge in the latrobe if it's the last act of my life. I can't trudge up and down this barn all the evening to keep from the latrobe is a solution. Te-nee? Really, Elia, I hate to seem unkind, but don't you know the hat you are wearing would look like something a hundred years old if you wore it in New York? 'Deed it would! Styles change so rapidly, don't they? By the way, my dear, freezing to death! Got any latrobe coal? No? Then why the dickens haven't you? No? Then why the dickens haven't you? What's that? It was hot, you say, up until last evening, and you didn't think it would be necessary, and all like that? Oh, your usual bunch of excuses! Of course it was anybody look so terribly yellow—maybe it's

liable to snow on the Fourth of July.

BASE BALL IN BRITAIN JOBSON AND WEATHER GREEK AND GREEK

W HEN the doorbell rang she had her hair done up in kids. A towel, to keep the dust out of the hair and kids, was swaddled around her head. Her outer raiment consisted of an old silk unnelette house jacket that looked as if it might be secretly hankering for the wash-

It was about 11 in the morning, and she was "cleaning house." That is to say, she was watching the hired girl clean house, while she piddled around with a dust rag. Then the doorbell rang.

"Now, who," snapped the woman whose hair was in kids, etc., "who on top of the ing ?"

The black servant girl popped in at the door just then. "Martha," said the mistress, "just poke

your head out of the front window-quietly, now, so you won't be seen-and see who ing, tell me who it is." The black servant girl did as instructed.

She poked her head out of the window and glanced stealthily down to the doorstep. Then she returned to the secondstory back room to tell her mistress about it.
"It's Missus Exstreet, ma'am," she said.

"an' deed she sho is got all o' her scenery on." The mistress bit her lip and looked pouty as she doubled her dust rag up. The door-

bell rang again.
"Whatever in the wide world shall I do? the creature!" she said aloud. "Coming here with all of her new things on at this hour of the morning, when she knows very hour of the morning, when she knows very well it's my cleaning day, and she is just here to show off! But I'll have to see her, I suppose. If I didn't see her, why, she'd go away and knock about my never being fit to be seen till evening—I can hear her now! Martha, go down and let her in, and tell her I'm dressing to go downtown shop-ping with a friend. Tell her I'll be down just as soon as ever I can, and to be sure to wait." Martha did that. The richly dressed

woman smiled sweetly upon Martha.
"Oh, your mistress is dressing?" she said, "Oh, your mistress is dressing?" she said, amiably. "Then I shall wait, of course. Was she really dressing? My, but you are a tidy-looking girl! Really, I should like to have a maid like you! Er—was your mistress really dressing, Martha, or was

"Well," said the bamboozled Martha. hesitating, "she wasn't jes' preejackly dressin', ma'am-she was uh-helpin' me dust an' sweep, but Ah think she done meant tuh dress-

"Oh, very well, Martha, just tell her that I shall wait for her, the dear thing," said the caller, seating herself in the parlor. Then, when Martha had gone, said the caller to herself:
"Huh! she has a fat chance to have me

believe that she was dressing when I know very well she looked a fright, and I wish I'd caught her downstairs and that she'd stuck her head out of the window, as I saw Martha do out of the corner of my eye, for then she'd have had to open the door, and what a joke she looks when she's around the house, and I'll bet anything her fingers are all thumbs right now she's trying so hard to hurry her duds on so's to try to make me believe that she really was dressing, and what a silly woman she is anyhow, 'deed she is!'

Upstairs, hurrying through her tollet, the mistress of the house was saying to herself: "Well, of all the disagreeable, mean crea tures that ever lived, that Ella Exstreet certainly is the onnervest! Coming here at this hour in the morning, when she knows perfectly well that it's my cleaning day, and she just does enjoy seeing her friends look ridiculous. 'deed she does! Martha says she's wearing that white broadcloth suit. That's the suit she's been bragging so much about, telling me that she was having it made in New York, and all like that, and I suppose it is pretty, but if she thinks for a minute that I'm going to jump up in the air and clap my hands over it and praise her to her face about it, and all like that, cloth, but it's as pretty as can be, anyhow, I should have hated that tailor forever if he hadn't sent me my suit last night, and a chance to freeze, if you please, and I'll now I'll put it on for the first time, and go down and take some of the wind out of Ella Exstreet's sails. She didn't expect me to have my suit so soon, and Martha says she's wearing her black straw summer hat yet, whereas I've got my new fall mush-room hat, and I guess I won't have some-thing on her when I show up with that on!" "Well, you old darling!" exclaimed the caller, as the mistress of the house stepped into the parlor. "Here you are at last! But what an unconscionable time it does take you to dress, my dear! Of course, I suppose you hadn't begun when I came,

but—"Oh, my dear, I was nearly half dressed when you came," said the mistress of the house sweetly, "only there was a letter I had to stop to write, so as to post it on my way down town, and that is what delayed me. Oh, by the way, you are in white It's dark in here, isn't it? White cloth, fire upstairs to take the chill off, when the collar I put on only fifteen minutes ago is seem to remember it? No? Oh, I thought, from the long coat, that you might have, for you know, my dear, that they are not wearing the coats to suits quite so long this vear. But it is quite-er-quite pleasing. deed it is. By the way, isn't it awful the way some women's tailors do botch the col lars? Yours isn't exactly botched-oh, dear, no. I couldn't say that-but-er-do you really think it is-well, snug enough around

the collar?" ("Cat!" said the caller to herself. "I'll get back at her for those shots!") "Oh, I quite preened myself about the collar-it fits perfectly-only this waist am wearing is a bit bunchy at the back," said the caller aloud. "You know, Pink-fern is noted for the way he gets collars to fit-and-yes, this was the sult ordered from Pinkfern when I was in New York. Horribly expensive, though, Pink-fern, but then it's such a satisfaction having things made by people who know how to make them right, isn't it? You know I've always chided you, darling, for not going to the very best women's tailors, for, no matter how much you insist upon your ideas, they are always bound to do just as they please. That is quite a neat little walking suit you have there—er—ye-es, quite pretty for second wear-I suppose that's what you got it for, did you not? Well, I don't like to mention such things, my dear, but do you think the tailor got the hang of the skirt right in front? But, really, I suppose it makes no difference with one's second-best suit, does it?"

("Hussy!" said the mistre's of the house to herself.) "And oh, my dear," went on the caller, engagingly, "where in the wide world did you get that—er—oh, well, really I shouldn't say it, Carrie, but honestly you don't wear your hair right to cover it with one of those big mushroom hats, 'deed you don't! Oh, you need a whole quantity of rats to wear a mushroon, and the bigger and bulgier your mushroon, and the bigger and bulgier your hair is, why, all the better! You see, you sort of scrimp and scrape your hair flat down on your head—by the way, your hair is coming out so, you ought to get some tonic or something, and a mushroom, of course, looks too immense—quite like a dishpan, really—when it's pulled down on hair like you wear yours. Anyhow, it seems to me I've heard that the mushroom would be passing out of date very soon, haven't I?"
"Frumpy old thing!" said the mistress of
the house to herself. "What does she know
about hats, anyhow? And she hasn't got six of her own hairs to her name.") "Oh, mushrooms are still all the thing, my darling," said the mistress of the house, aloud. "You know it takes quite a long time for these new things to get down to Washington. Te-hee! Really, Ella, I hate

rapidly, don't they? By the way, my dear, come over here to the light! Why, how hot! It was not last July, too, and the July before that, and it's hot right now in the middle of the Congo jungle. But this is Washington, along toward the end of September. You know that, don't you, or do you imagine that it's still the middle of the stores and look so terribly yellow—maybe it's anybody look so terribly yellow—maybe it's the liver. And you look so dark around the eyes, too! Well, eheu! one can't expect to remain young always, can one?"

Then they went down town shopping together, and ploughed around among all of the stores and look.

you imagine that it's still the middle of June? Any kind of a housewife at all makes preparations for these sudden switches in the weather, especially if she lives in a piffling burg like Washington, where it's many and thick and confidential and as dabby lightly to snow on the Fenral of July." and uppercuity and knocky as ever could be for five or six hours, after that kind of NORTH.

Fig. 1.—The Constellations at 9 p.m., October 1,

SOUTH.

Saturn With Its Rings and Moons Is Prominent.

The principal change in the evening sky is the appearance of the bright winter constellation Taurus which, with the beautiful Pleiades, is now high up in the east. The Scorpion, the Balance and Virgo have all disappeared, while the great faint Ophinchus, or Serpent-holder, is already half sunk in the west. Overhead there shines out the beautiful northern cross, which, with Cassiopoea in the north and Formalhaut and the Eagle in the south,

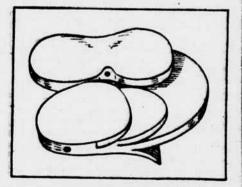


Fig. 2.—Disc model of the Milky Way. makes the autumn sky so much brighter

than that of midsummer. The wonderful milky way still passes directly overhead, but its slow westward turning has now become very evident. In August it arched the heavens from north to south; now it extends from the north-east to the southwest; by December it will stretch due east and west, and not until the end of February will it cease to pass directly through the zenith. Then the win-ter branch will be visible to us, after which it will rapidly sink toward the west and disappear.

The Planets.

The planet Mars, which is moving rapidly eastward out of the constellation Sagittarand I'll bet, if the truth were known, it cost just as much as Ella Exstreet's. My, the southwest, but it is now in unfavorable position for observation. The beautiful Saturn, however, with its rings and retinue of moons, is high up in the east, and every evening is coming into more favorable po-sition. And low down in the west, just after sunset, a brilliant planet will be de-tected creeping out from behind the sun so rapidly that by the end of the month it will be very conspicuous and soon after will exceed Mars in brilliancy. This is the planet Venus, which all through the win-



Fig. 3.-Photograph of a part of the Milky Way.

ter will remain the beautiful evening star. The observer may also detect the little planet Mercury, which will reach its greatest distance east of the sun on the 23d of the month, and may possibly be seen shining in the sunset glow far toward the southwest. This planet is so low down in the sky, however, that it will only be found with difficulty.

October 15, at 4:47 p.m., the moon will

pass over the star at A, fig. 1; October 23 at 6:24 a.m. it will pass over the star at B. The first star will remain behind the moon one hour and three minutes, and the second one one hour and five minutes as seen from Washigton.

The August Comet.

The observer who looked at the sky just before sunrise during the month of August doubtless saw the bright little comet which was then visible. These visitors from the depths of space have been very rare of late years. No one can tell when our sun will pass one of these bodies and draw it toward itself with ever-increasing velocity until the comet finally swings around the sun and pursues its journey out into space again, where possibly ages hence it may be disturbed in just the same way by another star. The August comet was a very pretty one, with a bright nucleus and a short tail. It was easily visible with-out a telescope. On August 1 it was near the bright star Aldebaran, at A. Fig. 6; by September 1 it had moved entirely across the Twins into Cancer. It was nearest the earth August 3, when it was but 70,000,000 miles away, but it was brightest August 23 because, though it was then 90,000,000 miles from us, it had drawn so near the sun that the disturbance produced in it by that great body had greatly increased its

The Universe of Stars.

No one can study the wonderful face of the sky, shown in Figs, 1 and 6, without wondering what the nature of the universe is. Surrounding us in every direction is



dust, but each dust particle is a sun, and around one of the smaller suns we know that there are many minute worlds revolv-ing on one of which it is our destiny to dwell. What is the shape and the true size of this great cloud, if, indeed, it does not extend on forever? Is there nothing be-yond it but empty space or are there other universes than our own? universes than our own?

The first attempt to find the form of our universe was made by Herschel more than a century ago. Supposing that the fainter stars appear faint because they are farther from us than the brighter ones, and that the stars on the whole are evenly distributed through the cloud, he thought, it only necessary to point his telescope in different directions and to count the number of stars which he saw. In this way he sounded the depth of the cloud in very many directions; if in one pointing, twice as many stars were found as in another, the first sounding was supposed to be twice as deep as the second. The model formed from all the pointings is the disc-shaped body shown in Fig. 2 with various lamina-tions corresponding to the branching of the Milky Way, and with a few holes directly through it which correspond to the coal-

holes or vacant places in the sky.

But a mere glance at any photograph of the Milky Way, such as is shown in Fig. 3, will show that the stars are not evenly distributed, but are massed tegether in some places and comparatively few in others. Many of the very faint stars, too, are certainly not farther away than the brighter ones; they are faint either because they are new stars not yet much condensed, or because they are actually smaller than others, or because they are very old and beginning to die out.

If we could directly measure the distance to some thousands of stars the task of finding the shape and size of our star cloud would be an easy one. But there is only one way known of measuring the distance of a star, and that is by observing its apparent change in direction from us as the earth carries us along its great path in its yearly journey around the And nearly all of the stars are so indefinitely



Fig. 5.-A possible form of the Milk Way Spiral.

far away that even when our position is thus altered by 185,000,000 miles they are not apparently displaced in the slightest

degree.

But besides our own motion around the sun, the sun itself is ceaselessly rushing through the star cloud, carrying the earth and all of the other planets with it. The effect of this motion is to cause a displaceeffect of this motion is to cause a displace-ment of all of the stars, and notwithstand-ing that the stars themselves are also mov-ing in all directions, on the whole those stars which are nearest to us will appear to be displaced the most, just as to a pas-senger on a swiftly moving railway train the nearer objects appear to rush past with far greater velocity than those which are far away. If, therefore, two series of stars are so chosen that the drift of each star of the first series over the sky is twice as great as that of the second, we can say that on the whole all the stars of the second series are twice as far away as those of the first, though we can tell nothing of the comparative distances of any two particular stars. As the centuries go by in which we are carried even further on our journey through the star cloud, the accuracy of this method will be very much

Sun Part of Milky Way.

From such careful studies of star drift it is inferred that the great majority of stars which we see are arranged in a long spiral cluster which appears to us as the Milky Way. When the telescopic stars of this cluster are mapped, it is seen that its borders are not sharply marked as they would be if we were viewing it from the outside,



Fig. 6.—The Constellations just before sunrise, showing the path of the August

but that the stars diminish in number gradually until the bright band fades into the ordinary star-lit sky. From this it is concluded that we are in the cluster itself; that our sum is merely one of the stars of the

Milky Way clusters.

Fig. 4 shows a form originally assigned to the Milky Way cluster, but from more recent researches it appears that the spiral is more complicated, perhaps somewhat of the shape shown in Fig. 5. The distance across this cluster is still very uncertain. Perhaps the most reliable estimate is that which places it at about 4,000 light years; that is, light occupies 4.0% years in pass-ing from one end of the cluster to the

Scattered among the bright stars there are innumerable fainter ones, which appear faint because they actually are so and not because they are farther away than the others. Some of them, like the red stars, are faint because they have reached a point in their development in which the light from their development in which the light from their bright interior is obscured by heavy clouds. Some are too little con-densed as yet to emit much light; they are too young, and others are too old. We know that all of the stars are slowly contracting and approaching a solid condition; we cannot doubt that there are very many which have already become cold and which must remain forever invisible to us. And since in a definite though very long time even the largest sun will thus die out under the action of natural forces, it seems that had these been acting forever every star would have long since be-come cold. We are, therefore, led to con-

Fig. 4.—Spiral model of the Milky Way. The oak and the elm are often struck by lightning and destroyed, but the ash is rarely struck, and the beech, it is said never.

The oak and the elm are often struck that women aren't myspersed the view that women aren't myspersed th

town over the drink." hats was recently our privilege, and, al-though the size is but a seven, the height of the crown and width of the brim are astonishing, but shown the same hat in a photograph of the wearer it did not look at all out of place. This was accounted for by the fact that the Marquis de Leuville stands 6 feet 2 inches, is 46 inches round the chest